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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The turkey-cock's tail
Glitters in the sun.

Water in the fields.
The wind pours down.
The feathers flare
And bluster in the wind.

Remus, blow your horn!
I'm ploughing on Sunday,
Ploughing North America.
Blow your horn!

Tum-ti-tum,
Ti-tum-tum-tum!
The turkey-cock's tail
Spreads to the sun.

The white cock's tail
Streams to the moon.
Water in the fields.
The wind pours down.

BANAL SOJOURN

Two wooden tubs of blue hydrangeas stand at the foot of
the stone steps.
The sky is a blue gum streaked with rose. The trees are
black.

Wallace Stevens

The grackles crack their throats of bone in the smooth air.
Moisture and heat have swollen the garden into a slum of
bloom.

Pardie! Summer is like a fat beast, sleepy in mildew,
Our old bane, green and bloated, serene, who cries,
"That bliss of stars, that princox of evening heaven!" re-
minding of seasons,

When radiance came running down, slim through the bare-
ness.

And so it is one damns that green shade at the bottom of
the land.

For who can care at the wigs despoiling the Satan ear?
And who does not seek the sky unfuzzed, soaring to the
princox?

One has a malady, here, a malady. One feels a malady.

THE INDIGO GLASS IN THE GRASS

Which is real—

This bottle of indigo glass in the grass,
Or the bench with the pot of geraniums, the stained mat-
tress and the washed overalls drying in the sun?
Which of these truly contains the world?

Neither one, nor the two together.